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William Preston Davies

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"THE OLD YEAR LIES A-DYING." As the close of the year approaches our faces are turned forward, and we indulge in hope rather than retrospection. We prepare to turn the page and begin afresh, resolved that the errors of the past shall not be repeated, and hopeful that its sorrowful experiences are not to be experienced again. And yet, saying goodbye to the old year is like parting from an old friend who with his many frailties and shortcomings, had his good points, and whose personality knit itself rather closely into our own.

W. P. Davies

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TENNYSON'S "RING OUT, Wild Bells" strikes a note of high inspiration, and it is perhaps the most quoted of all New Year's poems. But in another poem which I have quoted before Tennyson touched a different chord, more tender, and in some ways more appealing, and because of that quality I am presenting it again:

* * *

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

—

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak slow,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own,
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker too and fro;
The cricket chirps: the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, who have just celebrated their second Christmas and their second New Year's day, and who will be two years old in May, have been widely and voluminously publicized, and it may seem that little could be written. But in the New York Times magazine John MacCormac, a newspaper correspondent who has just visited them, brings out some points which are interesting, and which have not formerly been made clear.

W. P. Davies

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AT THE TIME OF THEIR birth it was stated that Dr. Dafoe, who officiated at that event, fearing that they would not live, himself performed the rite of baptism over them, their parents being of the Catholic faith. Dr. Dafoe, it appears, is a Protestant, and he has received complaints from Catholics not familiar with the facts that these children of Catholic parents were being brought up as Protestants.

* * *

"THE ANSWER TO THIS," said Dr. Dafoe, "is that I, a Protestant baptized these children as Catholics when I thought they were going to die, and they are being brought up as Catholics. They wear the crosses that Cardinal Hayes sent them. Everybody about them but me, even the two Mounties, is Catholic. Judge Valin, my fellow-guardian, is Catholic. And they are being brought up as French girls, too. Because children who learn English first are never likely to learn French properly, I see to it that they never hear a word of anything but French, even from me.

* * *

"ON THE OTHER HAND, I have scores of complaints from Orangemen that Protestant Ontario must pay for the upbringing of Catholic children. The answer to that, if it needs an answer, is that Ontario is not paying for the quintuplets, but the quintuplets are certainly paying Ontario. Why, between May 1 and September 1 this year 200,000 tourists came to see them, and there have been thousands more since then. We have had 7,000 some days. Over half are American and altogether they must have spent between $3,000,000 and $5,000,000 in this country and particularly in this province. Fortunately I've had understanding and co-operation from the Catholic hierarchy and support from the Ontario government."

* * *

WITH REFERENCE TO THE revenue resulting from tourist travel, it may be said that this comes altogether from the money spent for travel from the accommodations. When our party visited Callander last summer the children were exhibited to the waiting crowds without charge of any kind. But the presence of the babies had directed travel that way, to the great advantage of hotels and of all lines of business catering to the tourist trade.

* * *

DR. DAFOE FEELS THAT professionally he has been unusually privileged in being able to bring up five babies without interference from anyone, applying what all doctors would apply if they could. He uses methods and feeds foods such as every mother could use. Allowance must be made for the fact, however, that few mothers are able to have their infants cared for in specially constructed sterilized hospitals and kept free from all contacts which might impair their health.

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EXAGGERATED REPORTS have been made of the wealth of the quintuplets. The correspondent says that the children have $25,000 worth of real estate, namely, the hospital property, on which $13,000 was spent last year, and which costs about $1,000 a month to maintain. There are current revenues from the sale of pictures and from similar sources, and considerable potential wealth in contracts. But each contract contains a class under which it becomes void in case of the death of one of the children. Dr. Dafoe says "what I am now mostly, is general manager for the quintuplets. I get $200 a month for that. My practice is wrecked. I see some of my old patients, but have no time for more. But I don't regret it."

* * *

APPARENTLY THE DIONNE parents persist in their refusal to co-operate in the work that science has performed in rescuing the five babies from certain death and from later exploitation. The father, Oliva Dionne, is a member of the board of three guardians appointed by the Ontario government, and is paid $100 a month, but he never meets with the board. The correspondent says that Oliva has refused the government's offer to build him a $4,000 house and has refused medical aid for the other children and an offer to educate them. He sells pictures of the children at $1.50 each, and in this and other ways is reported to have made about $10,000 in 1935. He has bought a new car, hired a farm hand and two girls to help his wife.

REPORTS FROM ETHIOPIA of "fierce fighting, with one killed and three wounded," and similar lists of casualties, recall the preliminaries of the Spanish - American war. For some time things moved slowly. There was much shouting and beating of drums, but little real action. An occasional boatload of mules destined for the Spanish forces in Cuba was captured by American forces, and that was about all. Several Grand Forks men dropped into the Herald editorial room in the evenings to learn the latest news from the front, and strategy and tactics were debated at length. Dr. H. Quarry was usually a member of those little gatherings, and his comment was always heard with great interest. One evening, while Quarry and his friends were deploring the lack of real news, W. W. Fegan dropped in on his way home. "What's the latest from the war?" he demanded. "Great news!" exclaimed Quarry. We've just captured another mule!"

W. P. Davies

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ONE OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC watchers of the campaign was Col. W. H. Brown, who had been the first mayor of Grand Forks, and who carried into everything he did the enthusiasm with which he had fought in the Union army in the Civil war. Tall, spare and alert, he regretted that his age debarred him from service in Cuba, and he had ideas of his own as to how the war should be conducted. Speaking at a patriotic gathering he said:

"I'd take a hundred thousand men down there, land them at one end, deplow them clear across the island and march them to the other end. When I met a Cuban I'd say 'My poor fellow, you have fought long and well, go to the rear, lie down and rest. When I met a Spanaird—I'd kill him!"

And those who heard the tone in which that was said knew that the gallant colonel meant every word of it.

* * *

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON has always had special significance for Mr. and Mrs. Milo Walker, of Bowesmont, for they were married on December 23. Last week they celebrated the 64th anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Walker is now 88 years of age and Mrs. Walker 83. They began life in Ontario when living conditions in that first country were exceedingly primitive, and again they became pioneers on the prairies of North Dakota. Congratulations to them on their long life and happy companionship, and may their remaining years be filled with happiness.

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A NOTE FROM REV. DR. A. C. Stevens, former pastor of the First Methodist church of Grand Forks, and now of Gardena, California, expresses admiration of the fine qualities of the late Dr. H. H. Healy, who was a member of his congregation and an intimate friend. Dr. Stevens is now superintendent of the Spanish American institute at Gardena, an institution for the care and training of Spanish American boys.

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A LOS ANGELES OIL COMpany has instructed its employes not to sell gasoline to any person under the influence of liquor. Now if bartenders could be persuaded not to sell enough liquor to anyone to make him drunk, the situation would be greatly simplified.

* * *

HOW MUCH IS A PAINTING worth, and how does anyone know? A house painter in New York painted pictures in his spare time. In his attic, at the time of his death, there were 63 paintings, done at odd moments. The appraisers of the estate valued the whole batch at $50, or about 75 cents each. Since then the widow has sold about half of the paintings for an average of about $200 each and has placed a tidy sum in the bank, and it is expected that similar prices will be realized for the others. How does anyone know whether one of those pictures is worth 75 cents or $200?

ROGER ALLIN, WHO DIED on New Year's day at his home at Park River, served as a member of the Territorial council, of the North Dakota constitutional convention, as a member of the state's first senate, as its lieutenant governor, and as its fourth governor. He was one of the few survivors of that group of men whose public service, beginning in territorial days, continued through the early days of statehood. Following his term as governor he served as a member of the board of regents of the state Agricultural college, but otherwise the last 40 years of his life were unmarked by public activity.

W. P. Davies

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GOVERNOR ALLIN'S POLITICAL career was during a period in many respects similar to that through which we are now passing. Years of depression had caused dissatisfaction and unrest. Farm prices had been abnormally low, and the Farmers' Alliance was demanding the enactment of measures which its members believed would improve their condition.

* * *

IN POLITICAL SENTIMENT North Dakota was overwhelmingly Republican, and Republican nomination to a state position was considered equivalent to election. But when Governor A. H. Burke was renominated by the Republican convention of 1892 the agrarian element expressed strong resentment that it had not been given the recognition to which it considered itself entitled. That feeling was reflected in the vote that fall, when Burke was defeated by a narrow majority and Shortridge, running as the candidate of a fusion of Democrats and Populists, was elected. The Republican convention of 1894, somewhat humbled by the discipline to which the party had been subjected, chose Roger Allin, a plain farmer, as its candidate, and elected him.

GOVERNOR ALLIN CAME INto office at a time of great difficulty. The state's revenues were small, and the demands on the treasury were greater than could be met. State institutions for whose maintenance funds were not available had been established in the process of balancing the demands of section against section, and the legislature of 1895 was confronted with the task of making one dollar do the work of several. The governor urged the legislature to trim its appropriations to amounts which could be paid with the funds in sight, but that legislature, like several others, preferred to pass the problem on to the governor, and appropriations greatly in excess of possible revenues were made.

* * *

THE LEGISLATIVE SESSION over, it became necessary for the governor to wield the ax, which he did with considerable vigor. In the process North Dakota came near being left without a state university, for it was left without funds for maintenance. Friends of the institution came to the rescue, and by means of personal contributions made by them the University was enabled to carry on until the next legislature met.

* * *

THE GOVERNOR'S ACTION IN that instance was unfortunate, and it might have had deplorable consequences. But while the governor was roundly criticized, and considerable feeling was aroused against him, his good faith, and his desire to do the best that could be done for the state were never questioned. His act required courage, and he performed it with the sturdiness and directness which marked his character throughout life. Through a long life he exemplified the solid and enduring qualities of good citizenship.

* * *

DR. P. O. BUGGE OF BISBEE, sends New Year's greetings, together with a word of appreciation of the comment quoted in this column on Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic, and of the observations made on his Christmas in mid-Atlantic. He quotes the Latin proverb, "Nunquan minus solus quam cum solus,"—you are never less alone than when you are alone.

I AM WAITING WITH CONsiderable interest the showing of "The Mutiny On the Bounty," which is to appear at the Dakota theater within a few days, for in addition to being the dramatization of a historical event in which romance, comedy and tragedy are closely intermingled, I am told that the play, in its acting, picturization and sound effects is one of the finest that has been produced.

W. P. Davies

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"THE MUTINY ON THE BOUNty" is the first of a group of three great works dealing with the famous mutiny and its sequel, by Charles Nordhoof and James Norman Hall. In the first of these three books is told the story of the mutiny itself and the events leading up to it. The second, "Men Against the Sea," tells of the thrilling voyage of Captain Bligh, deposed captain of the Bounty, and 18 loyal seamen, in an open boat across 3,618 miles of open sea to a port in the East Indies. "Pitcairn's Island" tells of the life of the mutineers and their native women companions on a solitary bit of land in mid-Pacific. These three great stories are woven with remarkable skill into the screen play.

* * *

THE AUTHORS OF THIS EPIC have done a remarkable piece of work in giving life and motion to a remote historical event which, treated as history alone, would lose much of its force. They have searched all available records for accounts of the mutiny, naval orders and practices, Polynesian costoms and everything which could shed light on that remarkable drama of the 18th century, and, adhering faithfully to the recorded facts, have given them life and color by character delineations and credible incidents.

* * *

THE THREE-FOLD STORY IS full of cameo-like bits of description. One of these, which I liked particularly, tells of the arrival of Captain Bligh and his men at the East Indian port of Timor. They had come across more than 3,000 miles of open water and had suffered storm, calm, hunger, thirst and sickness. Ragged, unkempt, sometimes on the point of mutiny themselves, often despondent and at the point of death, they had been kept under control and at work by the unbending will of Captain Bligh and by his superb seamanship had been brought to port. But even in that great moment when the little boat approached the shore there must be no haste, no disorder, no violation of the traditions of good breeding and good discipline. To the amazed crowd that had gathered to watch the approach of the little boat with its ragged and almost helpless occupants the captain addressed himself:

"I am Captain Bligh, of His Britannic Majesty's armed ship Bounty, and I request permission to land for supplies and repairs."

* * *

IN THE PREPARATION OF the picture equal care was taken to insure accuracy down to the smallest detail. Costumes, equipment and properties of every kind have been reproduced faithfully, and careful search of records has been made in order to insure exactness. Many of the scenes were filmed at Tahiti, where practically the entire population, numbering several thousand, were used to create the necessary realistic effects.

* * *

ONE OF THE NUMEROUS questionnaires now being sent out asks the recipient whether or not he is in favor of legislation requiring automobiles to be equipped with governors rendering them incapable of traveling more than 50 miles an hour. My guess is that the answer will depend a good deal on whether the recipient has a new car or one of the vintage of about 1918.

* * *

THE UNITED STATES BUreau of Standards has it figured out that the typical motor car will run 19 miles on a gasoline at 10 miles an hour, 18 miles at 30 miles an hour, 16 miles at 40 miles an hour, and only 15 miles at 50 miles an hour. The Detroit News has figured this out concretely as follows:

* * *

WE START OUT ON A JOURney of 285 miles. If we travel at 10 miles an hour, we get 19 miles to the gallon, and we do the trip on 15 gallons. But if we travel at 50 miles an hour, we get only 15 miles to the gallon, and use 19 gallons.

So we go at 10 miles an hour and save four gallons, or about 80 cents. We also consume 28.5 hours making the trip, whereas, if we travel at 50 miles an hour we take only 5.7 hours.

In 28.5 hours we buy at least three meals on the road and spend a night in a hotel. That would cost, all told, perhaps $4. In 5.7 hours we spend nothing for food. So by going at 50 miles an hour and spending 80 cents more for gas, we save $3.20.

So what?.

THE DEATH OF FORMER Governor Roger Allin, of Park River, reduces to four the list of surviving members of the first North Dakota state senate in the belief of Hon. J. E. Stevens, who was a member of that body. Mr. Stevens believes that the only other three members of that first senate now living are H. R. Hartman, J. H. Worst, now living in Montana, and C. B. Little of Bismarck. Other members of the first state senate were Judson LaMoure, A. F. Appleton, James H. Bell, M. L. McCormack, Geo. B. Winship, W. H. Robinson, John E. Haggart, H. J. Rowe, Andrew Slotten, Andrew Helgedon, Andrew Sandager, Samuel A. Fisher, J. O. Smith, D. S. Dodds, John McBride, R. D. Cowan, E. L. Yeager, W. E. Swanston, F. G. Barlow, Bailey Fuller, H. S. Deisem, M. E. Randall, Anton Swensrud, E. H. Belyea, George Harmon and N. C. Lawrence.

W. P. Davies

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THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF which that senate was one branch held an unusually long session, convening November 19, 1889, and adjourning March 18, 1900. The reason for the fall meeting was that the state had just been created and it was necessary to proceed at once with the work of organizing its several departments and adjustment of accounts with South Dakota. John Miller, the first governor, served only a little over one year, as he declined to be a candidate for re-election in the regular election year 1900.

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MUCH IS HEARD IN THESE days of political and other reckeneering, but such practices were by no means unknown in the good old days. In that early period the railroads, being about the only large corporations having interests in the state, were considered fair game by persons who wished to acquire reputations as friends of the people or to line their pockets with the proceeds of a shake-down.

DURNING THAT LONG FIRST legislative session numerous bills attacking the railroads were prepared by hangers-on, who then took steps to have managers informed of the danger of the passage of such measures. For a consideration such measures could be withheld altogether or smothered in committee. It does not appear that these blackmailers reaped any rich harvest, but they were successful in gathering a little loose change—enough to pay board and buy drinks.

* * *

IT WAS DURING THAT LEGislative session that the Louisiana lottery case came to a head. The lottery company, about to be expelled from Louisiana, sought a new location, and glittering offers were made for a North Dakota franchise. While most of the promises made had strings attached, the understanding was that the company should pay the state debt, amounting to about $200,000, should pay a substantial tax on its receipts, and should build palatial quarters in whatever city it should select as its home. All the cities in the state nibbled at that latter bait. There was a substantial majority in both houses in favor of granting a franchise, but Governor Miller promised to veto the bill if it passed, and enough senators agreed to support the veto to make it effective. In the face of these conditions the matter was not pressed to a final test.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT WHO describes himself as a North Dakotan, but whose present address is at a street number in Los Angeles, writes:

"If you come to Los Angeles it is safest to leave your car at home. If you make a mistake in driving here they may send you to jail for fifteen days or more.' I suspect that the correspondent has "made a mistake" in driving his car.

* * *

THE LARGEST TOURIST camp in the United States is said to be at Sarasota, Florida, where more than 2,000 tourists are camped on 31 acres of ground. And it is estimated that this summer half a million persons will be living in house-cars and trailers, going hither and yon, "seeing the country."

IN THIS TERRITORY SUNdogs are of common occurrence, especially in winter, when fine particles of frost in the air create just the conditions required for the occurrence of these phenomena. Late Wednesday the lowering sun was flanked by two sundogs which in brillance rivaled the sun itself, so that those who had an unobstructed view of the southwestern heavens enjoyed the spectacle of what appeared to be three setting suns all at the same time. Such a spectacle is one of the compensations for cold weather.

W. P. Davies

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UNLESS MY OWN OBSERVAtion has been faulty, and unless the attention of others has been directed to other things, our northern auroras this winter have been few and faint. I have seen none for several months, nor have I heard of any. The aurora is confined to relatively high latitudes, north and south. Those living in the earth's mid-section never see them, and thereby they miss one of the glories of the universe. A well-ordered display of northern lights surpasses in beauty and magnificence anything that human ingenuity has produced.

* * *

AKIN TO THE SUNDOG, BUT quite distinct from the aurora, are solar and lunar halos, which may occur in any latitude and at any season. A familiar example is the circle which often surrounds the moon, and which is held, popularly, and quite correctly, in most cases, to be the harbinger of a change in the weather. Associated with the scientific fact that a circle around the moon indicates the approach of some weather change is the fanciful belief that the number of stars that can be seen within the circle indicates the number of days that will elapse before the storm or other change.

* * *

THE MOST REMARKABLE display of solar halos that I ever saw occurred sometime about 1890 —the exact year is not recalled. It was in the late fall on a day when the temperature was only a little below freezing and the sky was overcast with a haze which dimmed, but did not completely obscure the sun. About noon there appeared a great circle around the sun, and other circles, cutting it and each other, formed geometrical patterns covering the greater part of the sky. Wherever the circles crossed their brightness was doubled, so that in addition to the dimly shining sun itself there appeared to be a dozen lesser suns distributed all over the heavens. That appearance lasted, I should say, about two hours and then faded away. So far as I ever learned it was quite local. Many in my own vicinity watched it, but others, at a distance of 20 or 30 miles, did not see it.

* * *

RAILROAD MILEAGE IN THE United States is now the smallest that it has been since 1910. Railroad mileage reached its maximum in 1929, when it was 254,251 miles. Abandonment of obsolete or unprofitable mileage has reduced the total to 241,986. In the years 1933-35 inclusive there abandoned 5,695 miles of road. Mileage has been abandoned during these years in all of the 48 states except North Dakota, Delaware and Rhode Island. Kansas leads in abandonment, with 528 miles. Next come Texas with 392, California, with 372, Missouri, with 347 and Michigan with 248. Minnesota has 117, South Dakota 50 and Montana 18. In 1935 there were built 45 miles of new railroad in the entire United States. This is in decided contrast with the period when railroad building was one of the major industries of the United States.

* * *

IN AN INTERESTING MAGAzine article Walter P. Chrysler discussed highway safety, and, after touching on various factors which make for safety or the reverse, the conclusion is reached that "its up to the driver." Such progress has been made in design and construction of cars that very few accidents are due to car defects of any kind. Legislation of various kinds in the interest of safety is given hearty approval. But when cars are built with the closest possible approach to perfection, and when legislation has done all that legislation can do, there remains the factor of the driver. On his training, fitness and consideration depends largely the safety of the road.

COLONEL FRANK KNOX, who is to be the speaker at the press dinner at the United Lutheran church on Friday evening, has had a wide experience, and can speak interestingly on many subjects. His newspaper experiences would fill a volume, and his contact with eminent men in many walks of life might serve as the basis for an interesting series of personal characterizations. No intimation has been given of the type of address to be delivered, but in view of the prominent position which Colonel Knox now occupies in public thought, probably most of those who are to hear him, if asked about it, would express the preference attributed to a cub reporter in New York many years ago.

W. P. Davies

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THE BOY WAS CUTTING HIS eye-teeth in a very small job on the New York Sun, and was being initiated in the customary manner. A time-honored stunt was to send a new reporter out to interview United States Senator Thomas C. Platt, and the invariable result was that the youngster would return, crestfallen, with the report that the senator had nothing to say. This latest novice was sent on that acceptedly fruitless errand—like sending a greenhorn machinist's apprentice hunting all over the plant for a round square. Intent on his errand the young reporter chanced to meet Senator Platt as he left his office and started to walk down street. "Senator Platt," he said, "I'm so-and-so, of the Sun. I represent the biggest paper in the city, and you're our most important politician. I've been sent to interview you, and I've got to do it or lose my job. Now, you may talk about anything you please, but if it's all the same to you, I'd like to have you talk politics." The story ends happily, as all stories should, for it is said that the reporter got his interview.

* * *

CONTRARY TO REPORTS TO that effect which gained currency the WPA did not hire a fan dancer to entertain the young men in the CCC camps. The story, it appears, was a garbled version of the fact that the young dancer, thrown out of employment by a raid on the Minneapolis night club where she was dancing, asked for assignment for employment in the CCC camps, but her application was rejected on the ground that she had not been on relief. How can one expect a law to be popular in the face of such regulations?

* * *

ASKED IF HE WOULD ATtend the joint session of congress to hear the president's annual message, Senator Hastings of Maryland said:

"No, I shall not bother about that. I always do attend, upon the assumption that the message of the president is a message to the congress. But since it is clearly intended to be a message for the country and is fixed for 9 o'clock in the evening so as to be more effective, I'll do like other people and listen to it on the radio."

* * *

BOOTH TARKINGTON, NOVelist, whose books everyone enjoys, says:

"The novel and the poem may become extinct in 200 years, 100 years, or much less time. Radio and talking pictures already have displaced books in many homes, and television will injure the popularity of books."

* * *

IF TARKINGTON IS MIStaken in this it will not be not be the first time that an eminent authority has been mistaken as to the influence of invention on his specialty. Years ago, when the phonograph was just becoming popular John Philip Sousa deplored the influence of the phonograph on music in a magazine article. He argued that as it became possible to hear music with no effort other than the turning of a crank or the changing of a record, the desire to create music would be lost, young people would cease to study music and composers of merit would not be developed.

* * *

SOUSA LIVED TO SEE THE musical appreciation of the country increased manyfold through the introduction by mechanical means of music into homes where no music had been. Sousa's own marches became familiar to multitudes who heard them only rarely played, too often by incompetent performers. So it has been with great operas and inspiring lyrics. And, with the appreciation and understanding of real music there has grown the desire to create it, a desire in the realization of which talented artists are performing worthy work.

* * *

IT IS QUITE TRUE THAT many of those who take their literature from the air or from the screen go no further, and do not take the trouble to read books. How many books would the same persons read if there were no radio and no movies? As for the others, who like to read, and to do so in their own chosen time, to reread sentences or paragraphs and to pause and ponder their meaning in order that they may get the full flavor of thought and the full beauty or force of expression, it is not likely that they will ever be satisfied to accept as a substitute for this pleasure any device which requires their attention to keep pace with the precise turning of the wheels of a machine.

IN CONTRAST TO CURRENT practice in the United States it is often said that Canadians obey their laws. Well, they do, with certain exceptions and reservations. In the matter of automobile speed, for instance, few residents of Ontario seem to realize that there is any law on the subject. The statutory speed limit is 35 miles an hour, and notices to that effect are posted in various and sundry places. But the Canadian driver maintains about the same speed that is made by the driver in New York, or Illinois, or anywhere else, and nothing is done about it. Reference to that fact was made by a speaker at a recent Ontario auto meet, who recommended that the legal limit be made 50 miles and that it be enforced. He shared the belief that has been expressed in many other quarters that cars be equipped with governors making excessive speed impossible.

W. P. Davies

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SOME YEARS AGO, WHEN we viewed with alarm the spectacle of people speeding along the highways at the dizzy speed of 40 miles an hour, there was some conversation as to the desirability of limiting speed by the use of governors. The discussion then revolved around the application of the governor to the engine, but it was soon realized that that would not work, as it is often necessary to speed up an engine in order to tackle a tough spot in low gear. Present discussion relates to the application of control to the car itself rather than to the engine, a method which is actually in use on certain trucks and other vehicles.

* * *

WHAT WILL THE RACKETeers tackle next? Because of charges of racketeering in the handling of artichokes the sale of those vegetables was prohibited in New York for several days. Also, proceedings were to be begun to put an end to a red pepper racket. Fortunately people can exist in moderate comfort for quite some time without either artichokes or red peppers.

* * *

THE ARTICHOKES, BY THE way, over which there was the disturbance in New York, are not those that look like bunches of leaves, and which you strip with your teeth, but are tubers, growing like potatoes at the base of what looks something like a sunflower stalk. These "Jerusalem" artichokes have been grown for ages for hog and cattle feed, but have not been very popular as articles of human diet. Improved varieties have become popular, however, and the growth of the tubers has become an important industry. Artichokes may be grown in a wide variety of soil and climate. In a test in California a yield of 4,000 bushels per acre was reported. The tubers are grown in Nebraska, in Texas and in various sections of the east.

* * *

THE RADIO SPEAKER HAS the advantage of having a large audience. In that fact there is also the advantage that if the speaker makes a slip somebody is pretty sure to notice and call attention to it. Recently one radio speaker was criticized for giving the wrong location for Trinity church in New York. Another was taken to task for leaving the impression that the use of Christmas trees originated with the setting up of a tree by Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, when it is understood that Martin Luther celebrated Christmas by setting up a cypress tree in his home.

* * *

IN MY BOYHOOD THE NEAREST approach to a ski that I ever saw was a barrel stave. With a pair of barrel staves tied to one's feet it was possible to make swift progress down a steep hill, and I have often wondered why our Six Nation Indians, who were ingenious in many things, had not developed something in the form of the Norwegian ski. So far as I know, they never did. They had the snowshoe, which, with its wide network of hide, was superior for the purpose for which it was used. But a webbed snowshoe cannot be used for sliding, nor does it make for rapid travel, up hill or down.

W. F. KRUEGER, OF NIAGara, in Grand Forks on business on Thursday, exhibited to several of his friends the handsome billfold which was given him recently in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of his school district. Mr. Krueger homesteaded in 1882 on the quarter section which is now a part of his large farm property. Three years later steps were taken toward the organization of a school district, and this was completed early in 1886.

W. P. Davies

* * *

THE DISTRICT THEN CONtained only enough adult residents to provide the officers necessary for the organization. One of them could neither read nor write, but that fact did not bar him from service. Mr. Krueger was the first clerk of the board, and sometime later his position was shifted to that of treasurer because of the death of the incumbent of that office. During that early period it made no difference what precise office Mr. Krueger held, as he was expected to transact whatever business was to be done. It was his custom to sign orders and other papers with his own name, in respect to his proper office, and then to sign the names of the other officers "by W. F. Krueger." That simplified procedure, and all the acts of the board were unanimous.

* * *

MR. KRUEGER IS THE ONLY survivor of the residents of that early period now living in the township. A successful farmer and an enthusiastic promoter of tree culture, he amuses himself in leisure hours by wood-carving. Many of his friends possess samples of his handiwork in the form of chains, pliers, scissors and gay-plumaged birds, all carved from solid blocks of wood with the aid only of a pocket knife and an artistic imagination.

* * *

I HAVE THE FOLLOWING note from an old friend, F. C. Falkenstein, of Bottineau:

"I noticed in your "Reminders" column of the 7th a statement to the effect that Anton Svensrud, a member of the senate of the first general assembly of North Dakota, is dead.

"It may be that he is, but so far as I know there has been no word to that effect here. He was one of the early residents of Willow City of this county. He was a dealer in farm machinery there, and in the course of business acquired considerable real estate. About 12 years ago he with his family moved to California, but made frequent trips to this county to look after his farms.

"He was here in Bottineau on such a mission in July or August of 1935. I know it to be a fact because I met and talked with him. If he is dead it is not generally known here. If you have definite news to that effect please let us know."

* * *

MR. FALKENSTEIN HAS OVerlooked the fact that the statement concerning members of the first state senate was not mine, but that I quoted one of the former members, J. E. Stevens, as saying that so far as he was informed only four members of that body are now living, namely, H. R. Hartman, J. H. Worst, C. B. Little and himself. I am sure that Mr. Stevens will be pleased to know that another of his old associates was still living and active as recently as last summer.

* * *

FROM BINA BAKKE, OF THE Bakke Bros. farm in Loretta township:

"A lonely meadow lark has been here all winter and he was still here on the 6th of January. He seems to have his home in a straw pile near the barn, and when we throw out corn for the cattle he comes looking for food."

THIS IS TOUGH WEATHER for meadow larks and other migratory birds. One wonders just why the occasional meadow lark, robin or other summer bird that remains with us over winter has chosen to brave zero weather and snow instead of accompanying others of its kind to a warmer clime. Possibly some of them have been detained by injury which prevented flight, but from which they have since recovered. Once in a while some stray has been caught and brought indoors from motives of kindness, and occasionally the refugee has welcomed domestication and thrived on it. Usually, however, the bird does better if given food and a place where it can find shelter and permitted to fend for itself. There is a good deal of individualism in birds as well as in some other creatures.

IN VIEW OF THE PROSPECtive wrecking of the old Central school building Clarence Sheppard has been checking over as best he can the names of those who attended school with him in that historic building, more years ago than Clarence cares to count. After conference with others of his family he has prepared the following list, which is the best that he can do, but which he believes is not yet complete:

W. P. Davies

* * *

PARKER, FLO, MAUDE AND Frank; Mix, Minnie and Emmett; Frank, Gerty; Opsahl, Henry; Freeman, Nellie; Bosard, Bob, Flo and Dafne; Ruth, Arthur and Agnes; Byrne, Lulu and Matt; Carver, Eddie; Eddie, Nic and Billie; Florence, Winnie; Collins, Albert; Dinnie, Art, Lulu and Winnie; Fox, Harry and Minnie; Aker, Laura, Lizzie and Ducky; Listoe, Emelie and Mary; Fullmore, Hudson; Hutton, Charlie and Lizzie; Rupert, Geneva; Elton, Harold and Theodore; Cummings, Charlie; Upson, Max; McCormac, Mollie; O'Omulchay, Bridgy and Willie; Gilbreath, Bill and Zena; Buck, Emil; Becker, Mammie; Osborn, Jennie; Iddings, Grace and Howard; Smith, Maude and Harvey; Elliot, Eva; Fredericks, Edith and Ben; Rae, Harry; Stone, Paul and Fanny; Ephraim, Sylvia; McCellan, Effie; Pyer, Mammie; Adams, Frank, Willard and Maude; Duggan, Fred; Griggs, Jay and Clifford; Cutts, Russell; Minnorgan, Russell; Bateman, Charlie, Stanley and Flo; McMaster, Fred and Nellie; Seymore, Bert and Minnie; Gotzian, Josie; Prouty, Macey; Green, Bob, Jim, Alice, Mary and Mona; Reid, Jim; Sage, Maude; Whitman, Dora; Walker, Harry; Green, Eddie and Dollie; Reilly, Frank and Jean; Turner, Jack and Jim; Hanarhan, Bill and Sally; Fobert, Joe and Marie; Buck, John, Grace and Carrie; Ballard, Jennie and Lill; Bjornstad, Ida and Henry.

* * *

SOME OF THE PERSONS named are still residents of Grand Forks. Some have moved elsewhere, but still maintain contact with old Grand Forks friends. The whereabouts of several are unknown.

* * *

RECENTLY A FRIEND SENT me a paragraph clipped from the Paris Temps, one of the largest French dailies, which interested me because while I know no French beyond an occasional word, the article referred quite clearly to the Peace garden in the Turtle mountains. Wishing to know just what the French paper had to say about a project whose real significance and importance are not yet fully appreciated in this country, I submitted the paragraph to a student in French at the U. N. D., who has supplied the following translation, which, I am informed, follows the text quite literally:

* * *

"THERE IS IN THE WORLD, a happy border; it is that which extends 4,500 kilometers into the United States and Canada. For 120 years it has covered the traffic of the two countries, and not a military incident has taken place. To commemorate this exceptional fact there has been made to the north of the Great Lakes on American and Canadian territory a "park of peace" in the form of a circle, symbol of the ring of friendship. Two roads, "the road to the United States," and "the road of the Canadian provinces" cross the park to the north and south and at the extremities of each waves the colors of these two countries. Two other roads cross toward the east and toward the west. At the end of each are towers, one Canadian and one American. The building of this park, started several years ago, is completed, and it is under question to build a similar one at the border of Mexico."

* * *

SOME OF THE STATEMENTS made are not quite accurate, as, for instance, the description of the park as a circle. In fact, it is a square, with a large circle in the center. Such inaccuracies are unimportant. The interesting fact is that this international park, or garden, conceived in friendship and dedicated to the cause of peace, is deemed of sufficient importance in a great European country, where a language different from ours is spoken, to warrant attention by a great metropolitan newspaper.

* * *

FOLLOWING CLOSELY UPON the account of the meadow lark which is wintering on a farm in Loretta township, I have a report that a robin is spending the winter at or near the J. M. Gillette home on Fourth avenue. The bird appears for food almost every day, but where it finds shelter no one knows. As there are numerous large trees in the vicinity it has probably found a safe place in some hollow tree. In the summer our robins lord it over most other birds that are found around our homes, and the sparrows, especially, are required to keep their distance when a robin is around. This winter robin, however, evidently feels at a disadvantage in the absence of others of its species, for it never approaches the feed shelf if sparrows are around.

TO ME ONE OF THE ATTRACtive things about a meeting of the North Dakota Press association is the opportunity which it affords me for a visit with my old friend Tostevin, publisher of the Mandan Pioneer. Wherever he goes Tostevin picks up bits of interesting information which he examines with keen intelligence and treats with genial humor. In his own paper he has told of his visit last summer to the island of Guernsey, the home of his ancestors, but in conversation he can amplify those descriptions in a manner which makes them all the more interesting.

W. P. Davies

* * *

GUERNSEY, SECOND IN SIZE of the famous Channel islands, the others being Jersey, Alderney and Sark, has become known to the world as the home of a famous strain of dairy cattle. The breeding of Guernsey cattle brought large fortunes to those originally engaged in that industry, and, while those fine animals no longer bring the prices once prevalent, $2,000 to $3,000 each, the industry is still remunerative with prices ranging about $250 a head.

* * *

WITH AN AREA OF ABOUT 25 square miles Guernsey has a population of 40,000. A large proportion of these live in the capital and two or three other towns, while the rest of the island, remarkable for its fertility, are engaged in dairying and other branches of intensified agriculture. Grames and tomatoes are grown on a large scale, and every farm family has its small herd of fine dairy cattle.

* * *

IN A COUNTRY SO SMALL and so densely inhabited land values reach almost fabulous figures, good farm land being worth about $2,000 per acre. Almost invariably hedges are used instead of fences, and as a hedge is 3 to 4 feet wide and the fields are small, each occupies considerable valuable land. Mr. Tostevin spoke of this to relatives whom he visited and expressed wonder that wire fences were not used in order to leave more land available for cultivation. He was told that in some instances this had been tried, but the results were not satisfactory. The channel winds, which sometimes blow with great force, swept through the open fences and across the fields and withdrew too much moisture from the soil. Therefore the hedges were continued as a means of protection from the winds and thus conserving moisture.

* * *

THERE ARE NO LARGE herds on the island. Every family has a cow or two, and a few have as many as 16, which is about the limit that can be cared for by the members of the family, and a cow is treated like a lady and a calf like a child. Although pastures are surrounded by hedges, cattle are not turned loose in them. Each animal is picketed so that its grazing space is restricted, and the tethers must be shifted frequently.

* * *

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS, though under British dominion, are much nearer the coast of France than that of England, and the language usually spoken is a dialect to which both English and Norman-French have contributed. Most of the Guernsey people are of seafaring ancestry, and many of them still respond to the call of the sea.

* * *

MR. TOSTEVIN'S FATHER was one of several brothers who determined to emigrate, and who drew lots to decide whether they should choose Australia or America. Australia won, and there two of the brothers went, to become afflunet following the Australian gold discoveries. Mr. Tostevin's father was not satisfied with the decision of the oracle and came to America, settling in Wisconsin, where Mr. Tostevin was born.

* * *

SURROUNDED AS THEY ARE by the sea, the islanders live quiet, peaceful lives, being little concerned with what is going on in the world at large. They are an earnest, devout people, who spend many of their evenings happily singing hymns to the accompaniment of the parlor organ. Mr. Tostevin, who is himself a lover of music and a capable player, played the organ in the old stone church in which his father and mother were married.

* * *

THAT CHURCH DATES BACK at least to the 12th century, and services are still held in it regularly. The interior has undergone some changes, but the walls and tower are still intact. Just inside the building, flanking the entrance, Mr. Tostevin noticed a number of low benches, and he inquired concerning their use. He was told that a distant period the poor of the parish sat on those benches and received alms from their more well-to-do neighbors as they passed on to the regular pews. That custom has long been outgrown.

SINCE THE SNOWFALL OF Saturday night and Sunday morning things around town have assumed an appearance familiar to the oldest inhabitant, who may have come to the conclusion that snowdrifts were things of the past. Really, what we see now are not drifts, but piles of snow built by industrious shovelers. It takes wind to make a real snowdrift, and in the absence of strong wind during the snowfall we escaped what might have been a record blizzard. The snow was of just the right quality for that purpose. However, the possibility still exists. With all that loose snow on the ground a good wind would make even the oldest inhabitant sit up and take notice.

W. P. Davies.

* * *

SUNDAY, WHICH WOUND UP the snowfall, was the 48th anniversary of what has often been described as the worst storm in the history of the United States. Whether or not the storm of January 12, 1888, was actually the worst in American history, it was unusual, both in its severity and in the area which it covered. Hundreds of lives were lost in it, and innumerable cattle died from exposure to its fury.

* * *

DAKOTA TERRITORY HAD not yet been divided into two states, and eastern papers carried stories of appalling loss of life in "Dakota." Several days after the storm the Herald carried an editorial indignantly denying those reports, which it insisted were almost imaginary. The Herald had reports of only four storm fatalities in North Dakota, two in the Minot area and two elsewhere

* * *

THE GREAT STORM EXTENDed all the way to the Gulf, and it was felt severely in states farther south which were unaccustomed to such weather. Thousands of cattle died from its effects in Texas. In South Dakota a cattle train was stalled in drifts and all the cattle perished. At one point the Colorado river was frozen over and people crossed it on four inches of ice, the first time in history.

* * *

GRAND FORKS WAS WITHout train service for nearly a week, and when the first train arrived mail clerks were kept working day and night to dispose of the stacks of accumulated mail. A Northern Pacific train was held up at Fertile for a week, and to add to the complications, a heater in the sleeping car exploded and set fire to the car. After the storm the first rotary snow plow ever seen in Grand Forks arrived over the Northern Pacific, and the Herald gave a somewhat detailed description of this novel device for snow removal. Until that time snow was removed only by shoveling or "bucking." In the latter process an engine got behind an old-type plow and charged at the drift full tilt. On one occasion thirteen locomotives were disabled in that process between Jamestown and Bismarck.

* * *

THE STORM MADE TOUGH going for theatrical companies By dint of great exertions on the part of the Great Northern people the "Silver Slipper" company got to Grand Forks in time to fill its engagement. Another company billed for Fargo and Crookston had a different experience, apparently not related to the storm. Manager Crenshaw of a Fargo theatre, had a dispute with the management of the Richard Foote Comedy company over the failure of Actor Foote to appear at a matinee. He got out papers attaching the show, but before the papers were ready the show had gone. He followed the company to Crookston. While he was seated in a Crookston hotel Miss Eva Fenton, leading lady of the comedy company, who alleged that Crenshaw had made derogatory remarks concerning her, appeared on the scene with a rawhide whip which she applied vigorously to the person of Mr. Crenshaw, who took his lashing quietly, pursuant to warnings from the other Thespians who had assembled to see fair play.

* * *

A BARTENDER IN A GRAND Forks hotel was charged with selling whisky to a patron, contrary to the local option law of that day and age. The customer swore that what he had been served was whisky. Another patron swore that he had been served from the same bottle and that the stuff was birch beer. The whisky theory seems to have been the one accepted, but the defendant was discharged on the ground that his act was performed with the knowledge and approval of his employer, therefore he could not be held responsible. As there was no charge against the employer the slate was wiped clean.

AN ARVILLA CORRESPONDENT calls attention to the statement made in this column some days ago that the first general assembly in North Dakota held an unusually long session, "convening November 19, 1889, and adjourning March 18, 1900." The correspondent admits that an eleven - year session was "unusually long." The session closed, of course, in 1890, and not in 1900. The gentle rebuke is accepted with due humidity. In these days of billions and trillions one becomes so accustomed to writing cyphers that it is difficult to stop when once a start is made.

W. P. Davies

* * *

READERS WHO HAVE PUZZLED, as most of us have, over the influences which govern the behavior of birds, will welcome the light shed on the subject by Mrs. Margaret Gillette Rockwell, who writes:

* * *

RECENTLY I NOTICED A reference to a meadow lark and a robin, so-called migratory birds, which are still here in this state instead of being many miles south of here for the winter. I, also, have been interested in a robin which stays in our own yard for no apparent reason and which looks as completely bewildered as is possible for a bird to look, every time I see him. Naturally one wonders why these birds, having a chance to go south, should stay on through the winter.

* * *

"I FIND THIS QUESTION ANswered in a book called 'Traveling with the Birds.' A book on bird migration, by Rudyerd Boulton, of the Division of Birds, Field Museum of Natural History. The book is in the public library in Grand Forks, is interesting, short, and beautifully illustrated, and is well worth an hour or two of attention.

"Mr. Boulton makes the point that the subject of bird migration is so complex that not much is known about it as yet, but that food supply, crowding, temperature, light, sex, raising of families, and instinct are important as causes of migration. However, he says,

* * *

"EVERY BIRD, AS WELL AS every other animal, has in various parts of its body tiny little organs or glands which are working all the time. These control stations decide whether a bird will be a male or a female, what color it will be, whether it will sing or not, what it will do and when it will do it. The workings of these control stations . . are the most important cause of migration.

* * *

"OCCASIONALLY A BIRD IN which we know the instinct to migrate is highly developed will be left behind, either in the north in autumn or in the south in spring. Although they are active and seem to be perfectly healthy, many of them have been found to be diseased. Their control stations, the little glands that determine so many of their involuntary actions, are not working properly. Even if the stragglers that spend the summer in the tropics were to migrate north, they couldn't raise a family for they are not in condition to do so. They are tied to the tropics by the workings of their glands almost as though they were kept in a cage. The same is true of migrants that sometimes spend the winter in the north. If they linger on the journey too long, until their glands have ceased to urge them on their way, they lose the desire to migrate and they can't fly south. They must make the best of it, but generally they don't survive. Perhaps this is a good thing. The weaklings and the sick die and only the strong are left to have young ones and so carry on the species.

* * *

"MR. BOULTON REMARKS, 'No matter how we may explain what causes migration, we still do not know how birds find their way or what controls the wonderful accuracy with which they time their journeys'."

* * *

"OF COURSE, IN A PARAgraph or two one can hardly do justice to Mr. Boulton's interesting findings on this subject, but I felt sure you would enjoy this theory of bird "stay-overs". We have a number of stay-at-homes who visit our suet-tree and bird lunch counter daily, among them a pair of blue jays, two downy woodpeckers, several white-breasted nuthatches, chick-a-dees, brown creepers, a red squirrel, and of course the ubiquitous English sparrow. These little stay-at-homes achieve an importance to us during the winter months which they have at no other time of the year, I believe. I'm sure you find this true also "

* * *

THOSE WHO LIVE NEAR timber tracts of considerable size, as Mrs. Rockwell does, are fortunate in the society of bird neighbors seldom seen by those of us who live in more open areas. In the summer any of the birds mentioned may be seen occasionally in any of our gardens, but their visits are comparatively rare. They prefer the greater security of unbroken woods, and in winter it is only rarely that one of them is found far from a natural timber belt. While all our older streets are lined with trees, the birds miss the undergrowth and prowling cats make life hazardous for them.

OVER IN CALIFORNIA THEY are taking drastic measures to weed out from the relief rolls persons who are not entitled to receive relief. In Los Angeles steps were taken at the beginning of the month to stop relief to 10,156 families whose wage-earners had refused WPA work without justifiable reasons. At the same time it was announced that 4719 persons had been dismissed from work projects for unsatisfactory performance of their duties. The authorities over there are apparently adopting the old-fashioned idea that those who receive food and clothing and shelter from the taxpayers must work for what they get, if there is work to be had, and that work means something more than just checking in and checking out.

W. P. Davies.

* * *

MENTION HAS OFTEN BEEN made in this column of "Professor" J. H. Austin, who operated a barber shop in Grand Forks in the early days, made and lost several fortunes in promoting a dandruff cure, and suicided a year or two ago at Los Angeles. Fred Redick, who owns a filling station in a Los Angeles suburb and keeps close track of former Grand Forks people in that part of the country, sends the following account of an incident in which Austin figured, and which I think will be as new to most readers as it was to me:

* * *

"I STAND IN MY LITTLE GAS station," writes Fred, "on Ventura boulevard, 12 miles west of the wicked (some say) city of Hollywood. Before me is a book, "City of Grand Forks—Illustrated," published by W. L. Dudley in 1897. The picture before me is of Prof. John H. Austin, who ran the swell barber shop in the old Hotel Dacotah, showing a handsome man with a real moustache, a tiny curl at each end.

* * *

"JOHN WAS, AS I REMEMber him, a 'ladies' man,' but that has nothing to do with the story concerning a contraption which he built in 1893. It was a vehicle with three wheels, similar to a tricycle, but with wheels all the same size. The front, or single wheel, had the steering rod attached, and John sat in the middle and pedaled the funny looking vehicle.

* * *

"HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO ride it to the World's Fair in Chicago, and some of the smarties in the city said it could not be done. One was so bold as to offer to bet Austin $250 that he could not make the trip to Chicago and back on his go-cart, and Austin promptly took him up. Both went down to the First National bank, which was then operated by S. S. Titus and J. Walker Smith, and put up the money.

* * *

"THE DAY CAME FOR THE start, and all of the population of the city who could do so assembled to see John depart. The machine had just got under way when there was a cry 'Look out for the runaway!' and down the street came a runaway team attached to a heavy farm wagon, weaving from side to side, as runaways usually did. John abandoned his machine not a moment too soon, as the wagon hit the tricycle and left it flat as a pancake, lying in the street.

* * *

* * *

"JOHN DID NOT MAKE THE trip to Chicago, at least on the three wheels. This did not end the incident, however, as the man who had made the bet with him claimed the stakes, insisting that as Austin had not make the trip as specified, he, the complainant, was entitled to the $500 on deposit in the bank. Austin held that he should not be held responsible for an unavoidable accident of that kind.

* * *

"IT WAS AGREED TO LEAVE the matter to Banker Titus, and his decision was that inasmuch as John did not get out of the city on his machine all bets must be called off. Thus ended the adventure, and each man got his money back, but John never rode his three wheels to the World's fair.

* * *

"AFTER YEARS OF WORK, with varying fortune, in which he operated in Chicago, Seattle, Los Angeles and many other cities, Austin had accumulated about $70,000. He determined to increase this to $100,000 and then quit. In an attempt to expand his business he plunged heavily, but the depression struck him hard. He was over 70 years of age, and with most of his money gone and no prospect of getting it back, he jumped from the famous "suicide" bridge at Pasadena, the 58th who had taken that plunge."

I AM NOT SURE WHETHER Dr. Thomas F. Kane, former president of the University of North Dakota, is following the dog races down in Florida with more than an observer's interest, or whether the line across the top of the sport's page of a Tampa paper directed his attention to what he thought was a financial or political article. The line reads: "Government Loan Scores Popular Victory at Springs." At any rate, Dr. Kane was interested, and sent a marked copy.

W. P. Davies

* * *

"GOVERNMENT LOAN," IT appears, is not one of Mr. Morgenthau's offerings, but a dog, which won a futurity race at the Sulphur Springs track in 30 seconds. I don't know what the distance of that race may be, but several other quarter-mile races were run in approximately 30 seconds. In looking over the list of races I find that those naming the dogs have not confined themselves to politics. Literature is represented by "Friar Tuck," and another which should appeal to Dr. Kane is called "High Education."

* * *

MY GRATEFUL ACKNOWledgments to Mrs. Grace Brown Putnam, of New Rockford for a book of poems edited by herself and Anna Ackerman entitled "North Dakota Singing." The book is a collection of poems by some 60 North Dakota writers, many of whose verses have appeared in magazines, while the volumes of some have been published in book form. The compilers, several of whose own contributions appear in the work, have performed a real service in assembling these verses, which, as is said in a foreword, range "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," because, in addition to making available to readers several hundred short poems on all manner of subjects and in many styles, they have directed attention to the fact North Dakota is really "singing." Probably few persons realize that in North Dakota there are so many who possess the real poetic gift and who are using it so well.

* * *

THESE LINES FROM THE forword express the spirit in which this fine athnology was undertaken:

"The fact that this first collection of poems is possible seems to the editors to mark an epoch in the literary history of North Dakota.

"The interest of the younger men and women all over the state in the things of the mind and spirit is significant and heartening. That they, as well as the older generation, love the glory of our sunsets and the limitless sweep of our plains, is attested by their contributions to this book. While this spirit of idealism persists it will never be said of our beloved commonwealth as of some vanished civilizations, "They had no poet and they died."

* * *

THE BOOK ABOUNDS IN quotable selections, some of which I shall use from time to time. For the present I am presenting this by one of the editors:

* * *

LEGACY.

By Grace Brown Putnam.

When I shall leave this sheltered bay
To try the tide's adventurous way,
When morning finds my moorings slipped,
The few who love me, ashen-lipped,
To them, and all who grieve, in fee,
I leave this parting legacy:

You cannot see my little craft
Where clouds are pierced by sunset's shaft;
You cannot watch my purple sail
Where sunset's colors glow and pale;
My out-bound course you may not trace
Nor share the storms my soul must face;
There is but this that you may know,

How shines my spirit's after-glow;
If in its wake my little bark
Leaves glowing trails throughout the dark,
Then on the sky-line, gray and far,
There hangs for me the seaman's star.

IN A NEW YEAR'S LETTER to Fred E. Goodman, J. P. Hardy, for many years a resident of Fargo, sends greetings from Devonshire, England, to old friends in Grand Forks. Mr. Hardy was long engaged in the commercial printing business in Fargo as a member of the firm of Walker Bros. and Hardy, and later he served as postmaster of Fargo. He became a member of the staff of the Red Cross, and it was in that capacity that he paid the last of many visits to Grand Forks. Of English birth, he returned several years ago to his native Devonshire to spend his declining years with relatives.

W. P. Davies.

* * *

THOUGH STILL PARTIALLY disabled by the effects of a stroke which occurred last fall, Mr. Hardy writes cheerfully, and with much of his old whimsicality. In an earlier letter to Mr. Goodman, with whom he has maintained occasional correspondence since he left the United States, Mr. Hardy wrote of a receipt of a set of illuminated resolutions signed by 19 heads of departments of the American Red Cross at St. Louis, with the comment "My all too brief association with that splendid organization, coupled with the wonderful friendships acquired therein, was a delightful close to my American life."

* * *

IN STILL ANOTHER LETTER occurs this paragraph:

"I am often asked how I liked America and Americans by people who, knowing the country from a hasty visit to New York, and, perhaps, Boston, expect me to give a sort of negative answer. But I always tell them that they do not know America, not having been in the northwest, where the real people are, I find a wonderful amount of prejudice here. The moving picture is the source of information for the majority, and you can hardly wonder at the warped conceptions they acquire.

* * *

ABOUT THE TIME GRAND Forks people were packing the theater to see "Mutiny on the Bounty," King George and Queen Mary were enjoying the same play. Like their son, the Prince of Wales, they are inveterate movie fans, and in two weeks they witnessed 19 screen plays, 7 American and 12 British. It is not quite correct to say that their majesties go to the movies, as the movies are brought to them. The apparatus used by them is transportable, so that they can see the latest films at any time, wherever they happen to be in residence. They make their own selections from lists regularly sent them by producers.

* * *

BECAUSE SHE WAS ABLE TO find real news in the daily incidents of a little community in the Missouri Ozarks, and to present it in such a manner that those who read it wished for more, Mrs. Elizabeth Mahnkey, of Oasis, Missouri, has stepped from the position of local correspondent of a little weekly paper with a circulation of 752 to that of staff member and columnist of the Country Home, a magazine with a circulation of 1,500,000, chiefly in the rural field.

* * *

WITHOUT NEWSPAPER EXperience other than that gained in recording the incidents, often seemingly trivial, which occurred among her country neighbors, Mrs. Mahnkey participated in a contest sponsored by the Country Home, and was adjudged the winner. Her keen insight and kindly humor so impressed the editor of the magazine that he arranged to make her column a regular feature of his magazine. Here are two paragraphs which may serve as samples of Mrs. Mahnkey's work:

* * *

"A MOST SPONTANEOUS EXpression of the honesty of childhood came under my personal observation last week. Our little six-year-old granddaughter had run a long splinter under her toenail. Her daddy and her grandfather and I were diplomatically endeavoring to effect its removal. So her grandfather told her if she would be brave and not cry, he would give her a nickel. She clutched the nickel in her little brown hand, while her daddy worked swiftly and delicately with a sharp-bladed knife, but when the real painful part was reached, she cried, "Here grandpa, take this!" handing him the nickel, while she gave voice to an agonized howl!

* * *

"A FRIEND WHO HAS A very popular camp on White River, was telling me a little story of one party that came every summer, and of a woman with them who was a mighty huntress. While the others fished, she tramped the wooded hills and hollows, and never failed to bring in a bag of rabbits or squirrels. The game warden stopped one day and visited with my friend. She chanced to talk of this woman and said, she is the rabbit-killingest woman that was ever here. The game warden said dryly, yes, I see her picking a rabbit now. Judge the consternation when the guest was seen happily plucking an illegally killed quail by the side of her cabin. But our warden is wise and tolerant and drove on. Not so with a case in Barry county, where one farmer was fined for rearing some little motherless coons, which otherwise would have perished."

WHILE IT IS NOT UNDERstood that the Ontario government took over the guardianship of the Dionne quintuplets as a means of raising revenue for the province, the five infants have been decidedly helpful in replenishing the provincial revenues. During the months of June, July, August and September, 1935, 95,076 automobiles stopped in front of the Dionne hospital, and, estimating four persons to a car, 380,304 persons spent a few minutes looking at the babies.

W. P. Davies.

* * *

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT 75 per cent of these cars were from the United States, and as the nearest entrance into Canada is some 300 miles away, the compiler of the figures reaches the conclusion that on their journeys back and forth the American cars burned 1,238,450 gallons of gasoline. As the provincial tax is 6 cents, this would yield the highway fund $74,307. If the Canadian cars were responsible for another $25,000 the gasoline tax alone would yield a round $100,000. On the assumption that tourists spend on an average $2.50 per day per person, which they do, according to my experience, that would mean something over $850,000 distributed among hotels, restaurants and other caterers to tourists. Thus in one way and another there seems to be about a million dollars of expenditure credited up to the quints in four summer months.

* * *

THE ESTIMATE OF TOURist expenditure to be credited up to the infants is probably somewhat high. Many of the American tourists who visited Callander would have been touring in Canada if there had been no quintuplets, and if many of the Canadians had not driven to Callander they would have driven somewhere else. Nevertheless, thousands of persons did drive hundreds of miles out of their way to see the little family, and when all necessary allowances are made it is clear that the babies were responsible for considerable revenue both to the province and to private business concerns.

* * *

WHILE CANADA HAS NO National bank, Canadian banks are organized on a nation-wide scale. Each of the banks has its central offices and branches distributed throughout the country. Even a small village may have a branch of one of the big banks, and the little village bank is backed by all the assets of the parent company. One of the developments of that system, which is also the British system, is to make banking a profession, to be entered in youth with the prospect of a lifetime spent in that service.

* * *

AT HAMILTON, ONTARIO, RECently, a dinner was tendered J. P. Bell, after many years of service on his retirement from the position of manager-in-chief of the Bank of Commerce. In responding to a toast Mr. Bell gave an outline of his experience, which illustrates the various stages through which the Canadian banker is expected to pass. Mr. Bell started his banking career as a boy of 16 at $100 a year and board, and was assigned to a position in a branch bank in Georgetown. After two years he was transferred to Hamilton, and from there by turns to Berlin, now Kitchener, Brantford, back to Berlin as manager, and a number of other towns until he was given an important executive position and ultimately became head of the institution. In such an experience there must be a lot of valuable training.

* * *

IN SPITE OF THE VIOLENT opposition in some quarters to universal finger-printing, the recording of fingerprints is gaining ground. Aside from the recording of fingerprints by police authorities, which has become almost universal, prints are now recorded by banks and other business institutions by the thousands. The Bowery Savings bank in New York, for instance, records the impression of the fingertips of every depositor. Some banks require a fingerprint before admiting a person to the safe deposit vaults. This is intended to frustrate not only the robber, but the crook who wishes to use his deposit box as a hiding place for "hot" money or other loot. The assumption of a false name will be of little service to a man whose fingerprints are recorded.

* * *

FINGERPRINTS ARE NOW often used for the authentication of wills. A will bearing the fingerprints of the testator and witnesses cannot be forged successfully if the prints are in file in Washington. Thousands of people today are registering their fingerprints at Washington. Those wishing to build up the Civil Identification File in Washington should write to the Department of Justice at Washington for a "personal identification" card, fill it out with the help of some local official and return it to Washington. The government will do the rest.

ON JANUARY 5 THE HERALD published an article by Win V. Working quoting reminiscences of Fred L. Goodman concerning the building of a farm-to-farm telephone line on the Grandin farms in the Red river valley in 1877. This must have been one of the earliest telephone lines ever built, as the telephone first was brought to public attention at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. I recalled a line built from the elder Bell's home near Brantford while young Alexander Graham Bell was developing the new invention, and I wondered if the North Dakota line could have antedated that built under the supervision of the inventor himself.

W. P. Davies

* * *

I FORWARDED THE HERALD article to the Brantford Expositor and asked for any information available concerning the building of the Bell line which I always understood connected the Bell homestead in the country with the home of Professor D. C. Bell, the inventor's uncle, in Brantford. The subject interested F. Douglas Reville, who conducts a daily column in The Expositor, and whose column in a recent issue of the paper was devoted to the early history of the telephone. I quote some paragraphs as follows:

* * *

"THERE IS NO LOCAL RECord of a line between the two Bell homes; only one to the old Great Northwestern Telgeraph Company when the Brantford branch of that concern was located on the north side of Colborne street. Walter H. Griffin was local manager when the first long distance telephone call in the world took place between Brantford and Paris.

* * *

"THE TRANSMITTING INstrument was in Brantford, the receiving instrument in Paris and the batteries used were in Toronto. Mr. Griffin was present when the memorial to Bell and his invention was unveiled here on October 24, 1917, and the great inventor, during his speech, paid tribute to the part which Mr. Griffin had played in the experiment.

* * *

"IN THE EARLY EXPERIments here (Bell is on record that the telephone was invented at his father's home on Tutela Heights in 1874), the first talk was over a telegraph wire between Brantford and Mount Pleasant. Bell related that he went out to the village, while his uncle was to speak from Brantford. He remembered sitting at Mount Pleasant with an ear to a receiver and his watch in hand waiting for the fateful moment. Suddenly he heard a preliminary cough and the words, "To be or not to be."

* * *

"IN HIS SPEECH AT THE unveiling, Mr. Bell also related the incident of the tacking on fences of stove pipe wire from Tutela Heights to the corner of the Mount Pleasant Road where a wire could be reached for Brantford.

* * *

"AND IT WORKED. WE heard music and singing on my father's porch by quite a large number of the citizens of Brantford, and that was the first public exhibition of the possibilities of speaking from a distance by telephone.

* * *

"SO SAID BELL AT THE MONument dedication, and these happenings were prior to the Brantford-Paris test of 1876."

* * *

I MAY BE IN ERROR IN MY statement that the original line connected the two Bell homes, as I had no personal knowledge of the terminus in the city, but reference was always made to the line as one which connected the homes of the two elderly brothers. I suggest the possibility that the line may have been first run to the telegraph office and later extended to the D. C. Bell home, which was but a few blocks away. The line was a regular pole-and-wire line, with with rather short and slim poles, and, as I recall it, a single wire. On a visit to the old town in 1901, several years after the Bells had moved away, I watched workmen removing what was left of the old poles.

* * *

WALTER GRIFFIN MENTIONed as having assisted in the early telephone work, came to Dakota territory and entered railway work. In the middle or late eighties I recognized him crossing the railway tracks at Crookston to board the private car of Captain Jenks, then division superintendent of the Great Northern. Griffin had become chief clerk to Superintendent Jenks, and he held that position for some years.

JOHN HESKETH REMARKS that this "January thaw" has been about the slightest that he can remember. The January thaw is proverbial, and no winter is quite complete without one. But when the temperature night after night drops into the low twenties, and even into the thirties, and when the thermometer never rises above zero for days at a time, one wonders if nature has not slipped a cog and skipped the January thaw altogether. There is an old story of the man who wished that he might regulate the weather and was given the privilege of doing so. He made just the kind of weather that suited him, just warm enough and not too warm, with occasional showers to keep things growing. And things did grow, but when the time for harvest approached there was little grain or fruit to harvest. The weather-maker had forgotten to provide wind, on which the pollenization of plants so greatly depends.

W. P. Davies.

* * *

THIS COLD PERIOD HAS been marked by almost complete absence of wind. A few years ago, when a great drouth had parched the country through several summer months, a meteorologist attributed the lack of rain to lack of wind. There had been none of the customary storms in the Gulf, the Carribean and the south Atlantic, nothing to bring inland the warm, moist air, to be chilled by contact with the cold currents from the north and to yield its stores of water. Southern storms did occur later, and the drouth was broken.

* * *

FOR DAYS DURING THE EXtremely cold spell here the air was practically stationary. Light breezes from the north prevailed most of the time. Occasionally smoke from the city's chimneys moved sluggishly from the south, and then the movement would be reversed. Practically the air remained where it was. Strong winter winds are far from agreeable, but without them we are likely to have no "January thaw."

* * *

AT A RECENT PANEL DIScussion of social subjects at the Belmont school there was read a poem which appealed to all present, and in response to numerous resuests for its publication it is given below:

A PARABLE.

'Twas a dangerous cliff as they
freely confessed,
Though to walk near its crest
was so pleasant;
But over its terrible edge there had
slipped
A duke and full many a peasant;
So the people said something
would have to be done
But their projects did not at all
talley.
Some said, "Put a fence around the
edge of the cliff;"
Some, "An ambulance down in
the valley."

But the cry for the ambulance
carried the day,
For it spread through the neighboring city;
A fence may be useful or not, it is
true,
But each heart became brimful
of pity
For those who slipped over the
dangerous cliff;
And the dwellers in highways
and valley
Gave pounds or gave pence, not to
put up a fence,
But an ambulance down in the
valley.

"For the cliff is all right if you're
careful," they said,
"And if folks even slip and are
dropping,
It isn't the slipping that hurts
them so much
As the shock down below—when
they're stopping."
So day after day, as these mishaps
occurred,
Quick forth would these rescuers
sally,
To pick up the victims who fell
off the cliff
With their ambulance down in
the valley.

Better guide well the young than
reclaim them when old,
For the voice of true wisdom is
calling;
"To rescue the fallen is good, but
it's best
To prevent other people from
falling."
Better close up the source of
temptation and crime
Than deliver from dungeon or
galley;
Better put a strong fence around
the top of the cliff
Than an ambulance down in the
valley.

* * *

THE ROBIN WHICH HAD been wintering in the woods back of Fourth and Reeves and which has appeared often for food at the Gillette residence, seems to be surviving the cold weather as it was seen only two or three days ago on the grounds of the Vold residence on Reeves. The earth is covered deep with snow, hence there is neither shelter nor food available for the little fellow near the ground, but in some way it has managed to survive.

THE KIND OF WEATHER we have been having is not the best in the world for automobile travel, but it does impress one with an idea of what has been done in the way of automobile design and construction. Time was, only a few years ago, when it was taken as a matter of course that the car must be laid up on the approach of cold weather. The car owner who had a heated garage could start out and get somewhere. He might get back if he took the precaution not to stop. But if he permitted his car to stand out of doors for an hour on a moderately cold day, he was out of luck. If he just had to start he might do so by pouring boiling water over his carburetor or employ some other familiar device for heating things up. Otherwise, he was stuck.

W. P. Davies

* * *

THE USE OF A CAR IN 30-below weather has its drawbacks, but there are now cars in daily use which are kept in cold garages and which stand out of doors for hours at a time, which never fail to respond instantly to pressure of the foot on the starter button. Oil and gas are of better quality, and that helps. But most of the improvement is in the car itself. And when one recalls that today a comfortable, durable and manageable enclosed car can be bought for less money than one paid 20 years ago for an open car affording no protection from weather, temperamental at all times, and of confirmed balkiness in winter, one is driven to the conclusion that after all there is progress in some directions.

* * *

AN INQUIRY AS TO WHY the name "Tommy Atkins" has been applied to the British private soldier suggests that the answer may be of interest to others than the inquirer. According to the only explanation of the subject that I have ever seen, many years ago the British military authorities issued to each private a small book containing planks for the making of certain records. In order to indicate the manner in which the blanks should be used the book contained a sample blank all filled out in regular form in which the fictitious name "Thomas Atkins" was used, as in other cases the names "John Doe" or "Richard Roe" are often used. Immediately the British private became "Tommy Atkins," and he has so remained.

* * *

KIPLING USED THE NAME effectively in one of his characteristic poems on the indifference of the British public to its soldiers in peace and its appreciation of them in time of war. The closing lines of one stanza ran:

Oh, it's "Tommy this", and "Tommy that"
And "Tommy go away,"
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins,"
When the band begins to play."

* * *

BRITAIN'S KING AND ONE of her great poets and story tellers died within a few days of each other. Whether Kipling excelled as a poet or as a teller of tales will probably always be a matter of some doubt. Seldom has any writer struck such a high note as Kipling struck in "The Recessional," written on the occasion of Queen Victoria's jubilee. The poem breathes the spirit of reverence and humility, but even in that poem there is the spirit of imperialism which characterizes so much of Kipling's verse. The humility is that of the soul conscious of its own greatness and cognizant of its responsibility because of that greatness.

* * *

I READ KIPLING'S "THE Light That Failed" when that book was first published. I have no recollection of having read anything of Kipling's before. I thought it a powerful work, but it had not the fascination for me that "Kim" had. In the latter work Kipling seemed to make the great panorama of India pulse with life. His shorter stories, however, have been more popular, and there will be a great re-reading of them now that their author is gone.

THOSE WHO LISTENED TO the broadcast of the ceremonies proclaiming the accession of Edward VIII as sovereign of the British dominions heard the new monarch described as "king of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the British dominions beyond the seas, defender of the faith, emperor of India." The title "defender of the faith" dates back to the only other British monarch known as the eighth of his name, Henry VIII. It was during Henry's reign that Luther's great controversy with the pope occurred, and questions of religious faith and ecclestical authority were debated in every capital. Henry, known to modern school children chiefly as the king who married six wives and beheaded two of them, was both statesman and scholar. In his early years a staunch defender of the pope, he wrote a treatise disputing the contentions of Luther. The pope was so greatly pleased with the treatise that he conferred on Henry the title "defender of the faith. Later Henry seceded from the Roman church, but retained the title, which has been transmitted to each of his successors.

W. P. Davies.

* * *

DURING THE REIGN OF Queen Victoria her majesty assumed the title "empress of India" in addition to her other designations and the heraldic authorities foresaw complications if the title "defender of the faith" followed all the other designations, as had been the custom. India was Hindu, Moslem, Buddhist and a good many other things, and it has always been British policy not to interfere with the religious faith of India's people. It was decided, therefore, that the title "empress of India" should follow the designation "defender of the faith." Thus the faith of India is left without defense, so far as titles go.

ON HIS DEATHBED KING George named a council of state, to transact such business as might be necessary during his illness. That council consisted of the queen and her four sons. Such councils have been created on several occasions during the illness or in anticipation of the absence of the monarch. On each former occasion the council has included one or more members of the cabinet. The recent council was the first to be made up of members of the royal family alone.

* * *

THERE IS AN IMPORTANT constitutional reason for this apparently slight change. The British cabinet represents the parliament, which, until 1930, has certain theoretical supervisory rights over the outlying dominions. In the great imperial family Great Britain occupied a superior position. In 1930, by an act of parliament, that position of superiority was relinquished and official recognition was given to all the dominions as of equal standing and independence with the mother country. The common sovereignty of the British king was the only tie remaining to unite the several parts of the empire. In these circumstances, if the British cabinet had been represented on the council, it would have been necessary also to have each of the dominions similarly represented. Representation was therefore confined to the royal family.

* * *

OF THE INNUMERABLE ANecdotes now going the rounds concerning British kings and princes, one of the best concerns a remark made by the present king when he was a small boy while his great-grandmother Victoria, was still living. The young prince was having his portrait painted, and chatting with the artist he asked if there would be kings and princes in Heaven or if all would be equal. The artist replied that she supposed that there all would be equal. "That seems quite right," said the young prince, "but I know Great-Granny won't like it." If the numerous descriptions of Victoria are correct, it is difficult to imagine her "liking" the idea of equality with anyone.

IN A MAGAZINE ARTICLE William A. Brady tells of his experiences while laying the foundation for his career as a show man.

W. P. Davies

Those experiences were many and varied. At one time he played "horse" for a hypnotist. That was the title given the boy who traveled with the show and came forward from the audience on the hypnotist's call for volunteer subjects. Young Brady went through the usual stunts, but demurred when his boss wanted him to be buried alive and be kept alive with air breathed through a section of gas pipe. The hypnotist thought Brady's attitude was perfectly unreasonable. There followed a disagreement, then a fight, and Brady was out of a job.

* * *

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT interested me in the story was the hypnotist's name — Santanella. I hadn't seen the name for years, but mention of it brought back to me a picture of the man, slender, with wavy black hair and languerous dark eyes and an insinuating voice, just the kind of man one would pick out for a hypnotist. Santanella performed a week, perhaps two weeks, at the Met along toward the turn of the century, and made The Herald editorial room his camping ground most of the time when he was not on duty.

* * *

HE WAS AN INTERESTING fellow. He had read all kinds of odd books and had developed numerous odd theories which he was always eager to expound at great length. Most of his theorizing went completely over my head, but one of his notions was at least interesting. It was that with rare exceptions the human mind cannot think of a number greater than 3 as a compact unit. For instance, he said, you see one, two or three persons at a certain spot, and your mind grasps that number as one. But if there are four, you instinctively think of them as two pairs. If there are six you separate them into threes, and so on. But 3, he insisted, is the limit. He would elaborate on that by the hour. Just try it sometime.

* * *

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT the catfish was an important article of food for the early comers who settled along the Red river. And a well cooked piece of catfish is not to be despised, even though the creature does not represent one's idea of beauty. But I think that when we learn of the catfish as a source of lubricating oil we have struck something new. S. K. Knutson, of Buxton, tells of this use being made of catfish nearly 60 years ago.

* * *

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1877 Mr. Knutson, who had just come from Iowa, worked for his uncle, Ole Thompson, who lived two miles north of Frog Point—now Belmont—for $16 per month. That fall Mr. Thompson bought a horsepower threshing machine from Pete Nocken, a machine man of Fargo, and with it threshed his own crop and the crops of several neighbors. Oil for the machine, writes Mr. Knutson, was obtained from the fat of catfish caught in the Red river.

* * *

ON JULY 11 OF THAT YEAR A severe hailstorm swept over Walle and Bentru townships in Grand Forks county and cut the growing grain down to the ground. The plants started again from the roots, and the short, second-growth grain ripened, was harvested with mower and rake, and yielded from 5 to 7½ bushels per acre, at least enough for bread or seed for another year.

* * *

MR. THOMPSON MOVED HIS threshing machine over into Grand Forks county and threshed for the distressed farmers, furnishing the machine and three teams free, so the only expense to be borne by the farmers whose grain was being threshed was the wages of the two machine men, Paul Larson and Ole Gulson. The farmers whose grain was thus threshed, says Mr. Knutson, were Ole Dokken, Halvor Brantrud, Gjert Gunderson, Halvor Hanson, Ole Olson and Ole Lageson. Ole Gulson, one of the machine men, is now living at Minot.

* * *

THE HORSE POWER OUTFIT had been supplanted by the steam plant when I came to the state. I recall one treadmill outfit, owned by A. H. Brush, of Angus, Minn. It operated a threshing machine of small capacity. It could be run with two or three horses, which climbed the endless rolling platform which stood at a steep angle. In actual practice three horses were almost always used, as if there were only two they would crowd against each other and one might be crowded off. With a third horse in the middle there was a sense of security, and there was no crowding.

* * *

BACK EAST THE FIRST threshing machines within my knowledge were operated by the old-fashioned horsepower, which might use eight horses, and I think as many as 16 were used. A driver with a long whip stood on a platform in the middle, cracked his whip, and shouted "Giddap!" How I coveted that job! I thought I would rather stand on that platform all day, and turn round and round, and crack that whip, and boss all those horses, than be ringmaster in a circus, another job on which I had my eye. The time came when I was big enough for the horsepower job, but when my legs ached from standing up all day, and my arm ached from wielding the heavy whip, and my throat ached from shouting "Giddap," I decided that I would rather be a circus ringmaster.

AMONG THE ANCIENT DOCuments preserved by Mrs. Ernest Collette are a number of records of School district No. 68, Northwood, where Mrs. Collette's father, Patrick J. Maddock, served for many years as an officer of the district. The records run back to 1883, when Mr. Maddock was school director, and through many subsequent years while he was district clerk. One of the documents is a quit claim deed in which Aslak E. Houkam conveyed to the school district title to an acre of land to be used as a school site. The land was part of the southwest quarter of Section 11, Township 149, Range 53. On that land there was erected a school building 16 by 24 feet, ceiled inside, with three shuttered windows and homemade board seats and desks. In one report the value of schoolhouse, site and furniture, was placed at $525.

W. P. Davies

* * *

SEVERAL NAMES, ONCE familiar, occur on the several documents. Thomas Walsh was register of deeds and E. C. Elwood deputy. Mr. Elwood later became register. During a part of the period covered C. A. Burton was county superintendent of schools. The legal firm which supervised the issuance of the quiet claim deed was Hamilton, LaVayea and Joy.

* * *

CONTRACTS WITH SEVERAL teachers are among the documents. The teachers listed are Annie Sullivan, Horace Deitz, Annie M. Bray, Almira Maddick, Martha L. Denny, Gertrude Deitz, Susie A. Feistel, and Frank Everett. Teachers' salaries varied slightly, but the usual figure seems to have been about $30 a month. Janitor work was included in the teacher's contract, and there was a proviso that school should be suspended during stormy weather or unusually wet roads, the time thus lost to be made up at the end of the term.

THE SCHOOL DISTRICT WAS bonded for $500, the bonds bearing 10 per cent interest. A report by the treasurer, Andrew Offerdahl, gives the following satistics:

Balance on hand July 1, 1888, $250.24; Received from school tax, $125.00; Received from apportionment, $51.40; total receipts for the year, $426.64.

Expenditures: Paid for furniture, $34.50; paid for apparatus, fixtures, etc., $16.70; teacher's wages, $245.00; interest on bonds, $50.00; expenses of school officer, $21.00; total expenditures, $367.20. Balance on hand at end of year $59.44.

They hadn't much money in those days, but they seem to have kept the budget balanced.

* * *

INTEREST RATES WERE high. The school bonds bore 10 per cent. A mortgage given by Mr. Maddock and subsequently paid, carried 8 per cent. A note to Luke, Steele & Co. for a seeder carried the moderate rate of 7 per cent, but one given to J. P. Casselman carried 12 per cent. All of these were paid and the canceled notes are among the documents. The senior partner of Luke, Steele & Co. was D. W. Luke. Later the firm became Luke and Barnes, and when Mr. Luke retired John E. Nuss, then an employe, became a partner and the firm became Barnes and Nuss. The firm was dissolved several years ago. Mr. Barnes died quite recently and Mr. Nuss is conducting his own business in Grand Forks.

* * *

FROM THE RECORDS AS SET down one may conclude that the management of a country school in pioneer days was pretty small business. In dollars and cents it did not figure very large. Often there were but a dozen pupils in attendance at a country school. The terms were apt to be short and attendance irregular because of weather conditions and pressure of farm work. Courses of study were anything but elaborate. Yet those schools turned out some of the most substantial and progressive citizens of our state, and those responsible for their maintenance had real vision and the qualities of true patriots.

I HAVE JUST ENJOYED A call from Dana Wright, United States customs officer at St. John, whom I had never met before, but whose name is familiar to most of those who have been interested in the early history of the state. He finds enjoyment in digging into old records, talking with those who participated in the making of pioneer history, and preserving, where this is possible, mementos of pioneer life. In doing this he has a lot of fun and contributes materially to the preservation of information which one day will be priceless.

W. P. Davies.

* * *

I FIND THAT MR. WRIGHT and I were residents of Jamestown at the same time. I spent the summer of 1882 there and he arrived at Jamestown with his parents in the spring of that year. At that time Grand Rapids, down the river from Jamestown, was one of the state's boom towns. The surveyor for whom I worked had platted it, I think, the year before, and while I never visited the place I became familiar with the blue prints of the plat, which showed "proposed" courthouse, steamboat landing, railway stations and park. On the strength of that plat and the glowing descriptions of the future of the city I bought a couple of lots, making a cash payment of $50, another payment to be made when the first railway reached the place and a further payment when the second railway was built in. Ultimately one railway was built through Grand Rapids, but by that time the prospects had faded. I never made any more payments.

* * *

AFTER HIS ARRIVAL AT Jamestown in the spring of 1882 Mr. Wright's father engaged in freighting building material down the river to Grand Rapids, which was 50 miles from the nearest railway. That was a spring of big floods, and the James river ran bank full. Crude scows were built, loaded with lumber and floated down the stream.

* * *

JUST A FEW MILES NORTH of Melville the Jamestown and Northern crosses the trail of General Sibley's force on its way northwest in the early seventies. Mr. Wright spent some time trying to locate the old trail, and was partly successful, but he talked with one old settler in the vicinity who had never heard of the Sibley expedition. So quickly are early events forgotten.

* * *

FROM HIS HEADQUARTERS at St. John, where he has been in the customs service for some years, Mr. Wright has followed the tracks of the surveyors who marked out the international boundary in 1873. The job was one of no small magnitude. The nearest railway was at Moorhead and supplies for the survey were shipped by rail to that point, thence by boat down the river to Pembina, and thence by Red river carts across country to wherever the surveyors were working.

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THE SURVEY WAS MADE BY two parties, American and Canadian who took alternate sections of 20 miles each and then checked back on each other's work. In the Turtle Mountain section the going was tough because of rough ground and timber. The line had to be chopped through for practically the entire distance. One party started on the Turtle Mountain section from the east, but on account of the broken nature of the country the other party, instead of starting 20 miles farther on, went clear around the mountains and started from the west, meeting the first party in the center. In spite of all the difficulties the line was run with a surprising degree of accuracy, few corrections being required on later surveys.

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THE ORIGINAL SURVEY WAS marked by heavy oak posts which were hauled from Pembina by carts. Two of the bog posts made a load for a cart, and the trip from Pembina to the mountains might take two or three weeks. At a later date heavy cast iron posts were substituted for the original wooden ones, and still later these were supplanted by other metal markers of different design. Mr. Wright says that two or three of the first iron posts are now standing in Pembina where they were used for a long time as hitching posts.

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MANY WHO HAVE DRIVEN along the border have assumed that the strip of unoccupied ground running parallel with the line is neutral ground. Mr. Wright explains that this is a mistake. The vacant strip is Canadian territory lying immediately north of the line. In that connection there is to be noted a difference between the American and Canadian systems of survey. In the United States the road reservation of 66 feet is taken out of the section, so that the net area of a section is only 624 acres instead of the full 640 acres in a square mile. The Canadian survey leaves the full square mile in a section and sets apart an additional 99 feet for road purposes.

ALTHOUGH THE NEW KING of Great Britain is known officially as Edward VIII, he is really the eleventh Edward to occupy the English throne. For some reason the numbering of English kings begins with the Norman conquest, the three Saxon Edwards who preceded William the Conqueror being disregarded in the numeration. It is not clear why the descent of the modern British monarchs from so eminent a personage as Alfred the Great should be disregarded.

Davies

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MUCH OF THE LONG REIGN of Edward I was occupied in fighting. Edward joined the last of the Crusades and then occupied himself in wars with Wales and Scotland. Invading Wales, he gave to the Welsh people their first "Prince of Wales," in the person of his infant son, in fulfillment, according to tradition, of his promise to give them "a prince, born in their own country, and who could not speak a word of English. It was in reference to his high-handed methods that Campbell put into the mouth of his Welsh Bard the fiery denunciation:

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.

* * *

THE REIGN OF EDWARD II, son of Edward I, was a troubled one. Weak and inefficient, the king was ruled first by one set of favorites and then another until he was dethroned and then murdered, to be succeeded by his young son, Edward III, whose reign of 50 years was marked by the beginning of the Hundred Years' war and also by real statesmanship and wise administration. The death of his son, Edward the Black Prince, interrupted the regular succession of the Edwards.

EDWARD IV, WHO CAME TO the throne near the close of that stormy period marked by the Wars of the Roses, with which Shakespeare deals in his play Henry VI, closes a dissolute life after a brief reign, and his little son, known as Edward V, was murdered in the Tower, a crime with which his uncle, afterward Richard III has been charged, and around which there has been considerable mystery. Edward VI, only son of Henry VIII, who died while a mere lad, was the last of the Edwards until Edward VII, the present king's grandfather.

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ENGLISH KINGS, LIKE OTHer royalties, have usually borne many names. The present king is named Edward, for his grandfather, Albert, from his great-grandfather, Christian, for another great-grandfather, the king of Denmark, and George, Andrew, Patrick, David, for the patron saints, respectively, of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

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THE NAME JOHN HAS BEEN borne by but one British king. He is always associated with Magna Charta, and it is perhaps because of his resistance to the principles contained in that declaration of rights that he has never been a popular person. One of the present king's brothers, however, was named John. He died several years ago while a mere boy. There is a story that he and his brother Henry disputed over a matter of precedence at the coronation of their father, King George V, and got into a lively fight, just as other brothers might have done. The fight delighted youthful bystanders, who cheered the combatants on with cries of "Go it! Prince Henry." "Let him have it! Prince John," until their sister Mary cuffed the ears of both princes and dragged them off.

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IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR THOSE Dionne quintuplets to sleep out of doors at 30 below zero, if the doctor orders it, but no doctor is going to get me to perform such a stunt unless he paralyzes me first. Speaking of that, why does anyone need cold air to sleep in when he insists on warm air to work in? Hanged if I know.

INFORMATION COMES TO me in a roundabout way of the election of Alexander G. Budge, formerly of Grand Forks, to the position of president of the firm of Castle and Cooke, of Honolulu, one of the oldest sugar and steamship agencies in Hawaii. Alex Budge will be remembered here as the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Budge, pioneer residents of Grand Forks. He was educated in the Grand Forks public schools, the University of North Dakota and Stanford university, married Ruth Whithed, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Whithed, also of Grand Forks, and after spending some time on the Pacific coast he went to Honolulu 16 years ago as representative and sales engineer for C. Moore & Co., of San Francisco. Becoming interested in the sugar business he joined Castle & Cooke in 1920 as assistant secretary, and, after numerous promotions he has now been given the chief executive position in the company.

W. P. Davies.

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IN THE EARLY DAYS WILliam Budge was one of the most prominent residents of Grand Forks. In the records of that period his name is associated with the names of such men as Griggs, Walsh, Eshelman, McCormack and Winship, all men of vision and vigor and all energetic in developing the possibilities of the city which they were assisting to build. Mr. Budge was one of the earnest supporters of the movement for the location of the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks and it was on part of his farm that the University campus was laid out. He was a member of the University board of trustees during the entire life of that body, and during the dark days of the early nineties, when the life of the institution was menaced by failure of appropriation for its maintenance, he performed invaluable service in securing funds from private sources for its support.

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IN LATER YEARS, BEFORE leaving Grand Forks, Mr. and Mrs. Budge were respectively postmaster and postmistress of the city. The Budges moved to Oregon and lived there for some years. Their home is now in Oakland, Calif. Last summer they spent three months with their son and his family in Hawaii.

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AND HERE ARE SOME REMiniscences from Mrs. H. J. McDonald, of Rugby, which were suggested by Win Working's article on "Changing the Spelling of Cavalier."

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"I JUST CLOSED MY EYES to shut out the present," writes Mrs. McDonald, "and let my mind drift back to the first winter I had spent in that little village. On October 24, 1882 my father and mother with their eight children landed some time in the late evening, at the home of George Douglas, mentioned by Mr. Working in this article. We had gotten as far as Grand Forks, the end of the railroad, father supposed, but when he found there were rails already laid north and a supply train was going up next day, he (father) made arrangements to be taken to Hamilton, so benches were placed along the sides of a box-car, so we were the first passengers to go north of Grand Forks. There we were met by George Douglas, as he had come to meet the stage and was therefor, at the train when we alighted on the pile of lumber intended for the (station as we Canadians said).

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"GEORGE DOUGLAS, A COUsin of fathers by marriage, was married to Elizabeth Morden, a sister of David and Johnny Morden then at Cavalier, and the youngest son of Douglas George Jr., was the first white child to be born in Pembina county, and believe it or not, his birthday was the 4th of July. But to get back to our trip and winter, what was the most exciting were the buffalo robes we snuggled into on the trip from Hamilton to Cavalier, for the weather was all that could be in Dakota.

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"OUR SCHOOL (FOR WE started to school immediately) was a one-room log affair, along which a desk was hung on three sides and the benches were a split log in which four pegs were inserted. The stove was an old fashioned iron box-stove and when the school boys forgot to bring an ax or saw the wood was inserted and let burn to the proper length to close the door. Our teacher was a sweet little girl, a Miss Dobie (or Dobbie) I do not remember which. But to get to the main point, we never at that time, or since while we were there recalled the time when a change of spelling was uppermost, we were just taught that way of spelling and nothing further.

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"I RECALL SOME OF THE big boys. There was Casper Craft, Elmer Heller, Archie Thompson, for they were in classes in which I came in contact with their contests, as I was then 10 and considered myself quite a scholar, (as children will sometimes). I recall at this time John Bechtel had a flour and feed mill in which not one youngster dared approach, and I for one was curious for my father had a big mysterious mill in which all kinds of mill work was done in wood, in Ontario. My father immediately went into the hide and fur trade and he also was the first to open a furniture store in Cavalier. He went in with a Mr. Grey that winter. So the pioneer spelling dates away back of our time. However, we were there when St. Joe was St. Joe and not Walhalla. My father was W. S. Morden and was a great fraternal man and believed in men banding themselves together for the betterment of mankind, and he came out to the new country enthused with such a spirit. Thus he became the father of Free Masonery in this new land.